

UNION STATION, 18th and Mar-
ket Sts., the largest in the world,
covers 11 acres. All trains into and
out of St. Louis arrive and depart
at Union Station. The Grand Cen-
tral Hall has a floor area of 8,300
square feet. The power house
which supplies power heat, etc.,
the station covers 10 acres.



Post Card



arrived safely. Reach
Houston Wednesday!
Shall expect to
find you there
Kinby

Mrs Isabella Murry
Route B Box 53
Logan
Okla

43011

Lansing, San Stefano, Egypt
August 3, 1917

Dear Kirby:-

I am very glad to report that your letter from England written about the time of a recent air raid reached us intact today. It was certainly an interesting letter both from the standpoint of your description of the raid and of the account of your experiences. We enjoyed it very, very much and trust to receive others. As to other mail received from you we have had a card from Frances and a letter written on the ship and mailed in London. One letter seems to have got lost. Last week we received a little book from Logan, Oklahoma, evidently from Alma, on Physical Culture of the Baby. We have been giving the baby exercise all along and were very glad to get this book on the subject.

No doubt you have heard by now of the baby. A restatement of the facts cannot do any harm, however. She, Martha Grace Carr, was born May 15 at the British General Hospital #19, Rue Edith Cavell, Alexandria. So you see that while we are in Y.M.C.A. work yet even the baby has been closely related to the British Army operations. She had the same nurses who took care of the soldiers and although in a civilian ward yet was surrounded by wards and corridors of soldiers. The Germans used to operate this hospital through the Red Cross Sisters and carriage drivers still know the hospital as the "Alibitlatia Russian", i.e. Russian Hospital.

The baby has never been sick and is getting along perfectly well. She wasn't very big to begin with - $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, but now weighs over 11 pounds, having gained more than an average amount. She has always had lots of brown hair. Her eyes are large and deep blue. She has a double chin and is plump and chubby all over. She sleeps very well by night and is about as easy a baby to handle, I guess, as any one ever was. She is really pretty and we think she is wonderful. She gets along very well on mother's milk and this makes it easier to raise her than if she had to be artificially reared.

I sold my typewriter to the Alexandria Central Y. M. C. A. and hence I have to write with pen. Except for letters we had no great need for the machine and we needed the money. Machines are scarce and I got \$50.00 for the machine, cost price a year ago. At the same time I could have gotten \$60.00 from English officers, so the machine was really a bargain for the Y. M. C. A.

Sidney Crouch, an Australian, is in charge of this Y. M. C. A. He attended Whites Bible School in New York and there met a Carolina girl who is now his wife, coming out last fall to marry him. We know them quite well and have had several good times together. About ten days ago we took the baby in to Alexandria, a few miles away, and staid all night with Mr. and Mrs. Crouch.

Crouch has a very good plant. He has a large assembly room, movie outfit to be used in an open court, writing and reading and game rooms, devotion room, and canteen. Of course he could use more, but it seems excellent. His buildings are brick, down on the sea front, right in the city itself and yet soldiers are ~~surrounded~~ all around. On July 7, the Alexandria Y. M. C. A. gave a very big day. In the afternoon they entertained 3,000 soldiers at the Nougha garden and in the evening they had 2,000 more at the Jardin de Rosetta in town. The afternoon soldiers were convalescents. Crouch had a moving picture made of the afternoon, beginning with views of the Central Y. M. C. A. buildings and their operations. He hopes to get the film shown in England. Perhaps you will get to see it. A number of the American Mission and Egyptian General Mission workers are shown in the picture.

Personally, I have done very little this summer that has been of great moment. I suppose that is not to be expected of me on a vacation. It is rather new for me to have nothing to do, but I enjoy it this once. *There are letters to write and books and articles to read. Then there are several activities we have picked up.*

One nice quiet time-killing art we have picked up is chess. I do not mean to say that we are masters of the art, but we know the elements of the game. Grace

likes it very much and so we have found a way to pass an occasional evening this fall.

Out of doors we have gotten exercise the last few weeks at golf. The first weeks of the vacation we were in Alexandria, in the heart of the city at the mission building. While there I played tennis at the Alexandrine Cricket Club. But the past six weeks or so we have been here at Lansing where it is practically desert. So the family we are staying with, that of Professor Owen of the College and we have worked out a very crude golf course over which we go each day. It provides lots of exercise and keeps us out in the sun and wind. Up at the College I shall stick to tennis, but our sand-golf does very well for here. Professor Owen and I are planning to go twice around the course of nine holes this afternoon. It is a long time I held the record for the course, but last week Owen beat it quite a little and I doubt if I ever get it back. I haven't been putting the study into my golf that Owen has into his and so I know I do not deserve to win from him.

This red ink is due to my desire to try out a new fountain pen intended for work the coming year in correcting books. The mission bookstore long years ago bought a quantity of 'Independent' stylographic fountain pens and has had no demand for them. So recently they decided to sell them out at half price. This pen cost $37\frac{1}{2}^{\text{¢}}$ American and the few lines I have written to you lead me to believe that it is worth it.

It has just been decided what work the various teachers at the college will have this year. The following is my allotment:

- 1: Junior History - Arts, Teachers and Special Science sections — 4 hours per week.
- 2: Sophomore English - Third section — 6 hours per week.
- 3: Junior ~~History~~ Physics - Special Science Section — 4 hours per week.
- 4: Junior Chemistry - Arts and Teachers' sections — 3 hours per week.
- 5: Senior Chemistry - Special Science Section — 6 hours per week.
- 6: Junior Chemistry - Special Science Section (Assistant to Mr. Wickman) — 4 hours per week.

In Assint College Teachers and Sophomores all take the same work. But to facilitate teaching they are divided into sections. At the Junior year the student elects one of five

courses - Arts, Normal, Literary, Science, or Special Science. There are far more students in the first two years than in the last two. Government examinations are a very big thing in Egypt. The Kefāyā examination at the end of the Sophomore year is the most important and many students never get beyond it. No degrees are given in Egypt as yet. If one goes on in government courses past the Sophomore examination he finishes with the Baccalaurea examination. Literary and Science sections prepare students for the government higher examination. Most of their work is given in Arabic. Special Science students expect to be doctors or dentists and look forward to study in America, England or the Kasr el Aini school at Cairo. Normal students expect to teach Arts students look forward to the ministry or are merely getting a general education.

Assiut College was very successful the past year in the government examinations. There are several other schools in Egypt, some of which are rich government schools. Of all schools in Egypt sending students to the examinations Assiut College ranked two in percentage of students passed.

We are to keep house next year and look forward to a most pleasant year in our own home. You must come to Egypt and visit us. We will be going to Assiut in a week.

We have had good letters from Bill Roosa and John Roberts. Bill told of you three painting a town "red, white and blue" one night. Glad to know you can all get together now and then.

My brother Arthur is in an officer's training camp. The last letter I had from him he was at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Perhaps he will get to France and may see you. This leaves mother quite alone as far as sons are concerned.

Our best are with and for you in your work, Alma and the baby at home, and others such as John and Bill associated with you.

Sincerely yours,

Alma.

On Active Service



WITH THE BRITISH
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



C/o. Y.M.C.A.

Paris. Aug 7. 1917.

My dear Mr Pape,

It was such a pleasure to meet Mr Pape here again, after having not seen him since May 31st. You will be glad to know that he is looking remarkably well, & seems thoroughly to have enjoyed his evangelistic experiences with the "Tommys" in England. He has just donned the U.S.A. uniform to go with my husband to visit the "Sammyes" as they call them ~~of~~ over here. I wish you could see him in it. He looks so nice & trim - you would be proud of your soldier! He prefers civilian dress though, as he has so many more pockets in it, & feels more at home in it. You will be glad, too, to know that he has exercised a splendid influence over young Jack Barker, the sniper who was with him for a little time. I think the lad's career will be altered for life. Perhaps Mr Pape has already told you about him.

We are especially thinking about you these days, & you know how many prayers are going up for you from this land of France.

I have been thro' many strange experiences in my life, & each one has taught me to trust God more. When my first baby was born, she came a month too soon, & my husband was far away on one of his tours in A. India & could not be reached quickly - there was no Doctor available, & no trained nurse. And yet all went well. That was just one more lesson in trust. I know how hard it is for you to have your

husband away from you now, but his spirit is with you's, & his loving prayers go up for you & the little one night & day. I hope that soon we will hear very good news from you. I am so glad that both you & your husband have learnt to trust God in a very practical way.

It is a very beautiful thing to be trusted with the life of a little child. And I think we learn our truest lessons about our Father in Heaven from the training of the little ones. It is wonderful, too, to see how the early lessons are imprinted on their little minds, & last thro' long years of life. I have been very much touched in my work with the soldiers to find out the loving reverence in which they hold their mother's, & the influence the mother's teaching has upon them. The key to the heart of the soldier is his love for his mother.

I have had a very wonderful time with the lads in the Australian Hut, & now my husband & I are on our way to new work at Etaples. You would be surprised if you knew with what nervous shrinking I started this work, but the men have been so responsive & sympathetic that it has been a joy to serve them. And it is always so, isn't it? When we try to do something for God, He always turns it to a blessing.

You have the more difficult part - the quiet waiting at home. "They also serve who only stand & wait." I have been thro' your experience, so I know it. It is much ~~the~~ more difficult than the active service, & needs such patience & steadfastness. Perhaps one day your little one may be called upon to do a great work, & then you will see how well worth while your share was. "In quietness & in confidence shall be your strength." You will be able to pass on to your babe restfulness & quietness of spirit, & a strong religious sense, & that will be an inestimable boon.

On Active Service



WITH THE BRITISH
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



God does know your sacrifice, & your willing service, & He accepts both. But as I think of the sacrifices other women in Europe are making, I feel as if we knew but little of it. They have given so gladly their dearest & their best — some have given both Husband & Son — & they do not let sorrow crush them down, but rather rejoice that they had so much to give. It seems as if almost every woman in France is clad in black for some loved one who has laid down his life, & scarcely a home is untouched. This war is so terrible, & we long for it to cease. Many a married man has said to me, "I want to fight this to the finish that my children may never know the horrors of war, & that the world may have an enduring peace."

Mr Page told me what a good time your little son had on the farm. I can just imagine him creeping into every possible place, & chuckling with glee to himself over some new prank. He is a beautiful baby, & I know how he comforts you just now.

Please do not think of writing an answer to this. I don't want you to attempt that. You will need to conserve all your strength for far more important purposes. I shall hear your good news from Mr Page. In the meantime, we will be thinking of you & praying for you. May there be great happiness in store for you both thro' the little life that is coming to you.

Yours friend,
M. H. Eddy.

"Somewhere in France",

August 8, 1917.

My dear Friends:

We have just been crossing the battlefields of the Marne, on our way up to the camps where the American troops are stationed, just behind the lines. We have covered more than a hundred miles of territory that was formerly behind the German lines, and passed within fifteen miles of a famous cathedral of shell-fire fame, and within thirty miles of one of the best known forts in France, where the Germans lost a half million men in unsuccessful assaults. We have gone through towns and villages that were bombarded earlier in the war, and at one time we were within twelve miles of the present German lines, easily within range of their monster guns.

Upon alighting at our destination, we were readily distinguished by the Y. M. C. A. secretaries who were awaiting our arrival, by our American army uniforms, with the bronze initials, U. S. - Y. M. C. A., upon the collars. Here in this little French village a thousand "Sammies" are stationed, and the whole place is alive with the khaki uniform. Every available shed, stable or barn loft is filled with these wide awake, generous, warm-hearted, bronzed boys of Mexican border fame.

One could not but be impressed with the moral dangers confronting these men in this far away land. In the first place, the very nature of the life they are living and the work they are doing is not conducive to the highest morality. Several hours each day are spent in bayonet and target practice, the handling of grenades and the throwing of bombs, experimenting with poison gas and liquid fire - all of which have one object, namely proficiency in the art of destruction of the enemy. In addition to this, there is always a certain amount of drudgery and unpleasant work that must be done about the camp. Stables must be cleaned, streets swept, garbage cans removed, and various other sanitary measures taken. By the end of the strenuous day every man is dog-tired, and anxious for any kind of diversion or amusement.

What are the available means of recreation? The French village offers three choices: the wine and liquor house, the gambling resort, and the house of immorality. The soldier can take his choice of these. There are no

moving pictures, no theaters, no social gathering places of refinement. The problem is intensified by the fact that the enlisted man in the American army draws from \$35 to \$90 a month, while the private in the French army gets six cents a day, or \$1.80 a month, in addition to the small allowance that goes to his family. Does it take a vivid imagination to enable one to understand what will happen to these men during the long winter what is before them? Tired out with the routine and drudgery of the day, far away from all the steadying influences of home, with profanity, obscenity, drinking and immorality taken for granted, with plenty of money in their pockets, and with the subtle tempter or temptress ever present, is it any wonder that our boys are going down before this flood of temptation like chaff before the storm?

In the green pasture just outside the village, is the large tent and athletic field of the Y. M. C. A., with its red triangle, symbolizing the threefold work it is attempting to do among these soldiers. This is the only place in the village where the men can gather under refining influences and in a wholesome atmosphere. The Association is seeking to minister to the whole man - body, mind and spirit, and one of the strongest of the city Association secretaries of America is in charge. A pine board hut is being erected near the tent and will be ready for occupancy within a few days. In the tent, toward evening, scores of men can be seen writing letters upon the paper provided by the Association, others are reading the home papers or the books from the circulating library; groups of men are gathered about the folding billiard tables, while others are buying chocolate, cakes, etc., at the counter, and the ever-present phonograph is doing its bit. Outside a baseball game is in progress, and from the vociferous rooters along the third base line comes the familiar cry, "Atta Boy", which we have not heard for a good many days. Still others are kicking a Spalding football around the lot. Just outside the tent is an improvised boxing ring and a little black haired chap is pounding the stuffin' out of his larger opponent, much to the amusement of the hundred spectators. Other small groups are lying around on the grass, taking life easy, after the toil of the day.

At 6:30 the regimental band appears on the scene for an hour's concert outside the tent. Following this, an officer gets upon a table and announces that Dr. Eddy will speak upon his experiences among the soldiers of the various armies. For fifteen minutes he tells about some of his many interesting experiences and gets the attention of the men. Then he talks for thirty minutes upon the

moral problems of camp life and pleads for clean living, making a profound impression upon those present. After the meeting I had a most unusual talk with a chap from Des Moines. When he came to the meeting he was slightly under the influence of drink, but at the close he came up and asked me for a New Testament, saying that he was a Roman Catholic, but that he would like to have a Testament. This gave me an opportunity to talk with him, and we went off by ourselves and sat down on the grass. I found out that he had two brothers who had graduated from Drake and that we knew a lot of people in common. For thirty minutes we talked earnestly upon the things that really count, and found that we agreed upon more of the fundamental points than we realized. He said that he believed that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and his personal Saviour, that he realized the sinfulness of his own life and his need of divine help in the midst of the temptations of that village, that he wanted to give up his sins and that he would ask God to help him. There upon that grass he uttered what he told me was the first audible prayer of the thirty-four years of his life, as the tears streamed down his cheeks. I shall not soon forget that prayer.

How it does make one's heart ache to think, on the one hand, of the terrific moral temptations that are pouring in upon our men; and, on the other, of all that they shall undergo during these next months in the way of physical suffering, agony, and death, in the muddy trenches and water-soaked dugouts, in the face of poison gas, liquid fire, bayonet steel, machine gun bullets and bits of shrapnel.

Just before I left London the other day, while riding upon a bus, a chap in the Australian uniform sidled up to me and said: "Say partner, could you tell me where a fellow could get a little something to drink?" Upon my suggesting that he had better leave it alone, that it would surely get the better of him, he replied: "There you go, the same old story that my dad has been telling me all my life." And as he was in a talkative mood, he continued: "You see, my father is a Christian. He has made his pile and lives a secluded life. It's all right for him to be a Christian. But say, you ought to see the things that I see every day. Do you know what they are teaching us down in the camp where I am stationed? The best way to put a bayonet through a German! The Bible says to love your enemies, and my father can do that where he is, but down in the camp or out at the front it can't be done." The parson may be able to explain how you can love your enemy and at the same time run him through, but somehow this simple minded

Australian soldier was not able to understand it. One cannot but wonder how many others there are with a like difficulty.

The other night I happened to be in a railway station when an ambulance train pulled in. The long platform was entirely covered with rows of stretchers, and scores of Red Cross doctors, nurses and stretcher bearers were on hand. In the station a glee club of Welsh soldiers were singing for the wounded as they passed by, between the long rows of women and young girls, who were tossing flowers on the cots of the sufferers. It was a pathetic sight to see these brave fellows raise themselves up and with a smile wave their appreciation to the crowds. While we were at the station three separate drafts of men, with cheer and song, marched by to board the train bound for the front. No one knows how many of them will lie beneath the sod of the battlefield, or come back on stretchers, with legs or arms gone, with eyesight destroyed or lungs shattered by the poison gas. What a price we are paying in our efforts to achieve human freedom!

Mr. Eddy has started on another long tour through the British camps, and I am to spend the next seven weeks in work with the American troops in the various camps. It is a wonderful privilege indeed. At the end of September, we start for China, by way of the North Sea, Norway, Russia and the Trans-Siberian Railway, where Mr. Eddy begins his long campaign on October 27th. After September 1st all letters should be addressed to me c/o Y. M. C. A., 3 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai, China. I received good news from my wife and Kirby, Jr. They are with Alma's mother, at 617 Bethje St., Houston, Texas. John Roberts and Wm. Roosa are just starting for Y. M. C. A. work with the British troops in India and Mesopotamia, after some months with the soldiers in England, where they have been doing most excellent work.

If you knew how much I enjoy letters from home while I am away off here, you would certainly write to me often. I am definitely counting upon your continued and earnest prayer.

Ever sincerely yours,

(Signed) Kirby Page

124 EAST 28TH STREET
NEW YORK

Paris, August 15, 1917

My dear little Sweetheart:

I suppose by the time this reaches you, or very soon thereafter, there will be another Page in our book. It all seems as if it were a dream to me - almost too good to be true! I would give anything to be with you at this time, but I know mother will do everything possible for you, and I have no fears whatever. I shall await with much eagerness the arrival of your cable. I am sure that through this experience you will be drawn closer to Him, the source of all strength.

of one thing I am absolutely certain, He is giving me a most wonderful preparation for my future work, and best of all, He is giving me unlimited opportunities of service over here. Oh if we can only pay the price and completely surrender, what may He do through us in the coming years! It is a most sobering thought.

Then too think of what good may come to the world through Kirby, Jr., and Mary or Sherwood! Who can limit the possibilities of their lives? We must redouble our prayers and efforts to make ourselves a little more worthy of this responsibility. "His grace is sufficient for all of our needs."

I am happy, oh so happy, at the thought of all His loving kindness to us, and for the knowledge that His will is being worked out in our lives - no matter what may happen to us. This is all that counts.

Kiss the dear babies a million
times for me, and remember that
my thoughts and prayers are ^{with}
you hourly these days. I love
you, wonderfully brave, inexpressibly
sweet, little dearie - light of my
life and inspiration of my being.
I simply cannot put into words
the depth of my affection for
you, Alma my wife.

Ever yours devotedly

Daddy.

Assiut College,
Assiut, Egypt.
Sept. 2, 1917

Dear Kirby:-

Your most excellent letters from "Somewhere in France" and from London have been reaching me o.s. Thank you for them. They are most interesting from three standpoints, named in increasing order of importance - historical bearing, our friendship, your work. I think your last two letters have done more to interest me in the sort of work you are doing than anything or all things else. I hope to hear from you frequently.

Although tired and coming nearly to the time for bed a thought of the day constrained me to write to you, or at least to begin the letter. If I am not badly mistaken it was September 2, 1914 when you and Alma were married, just a little less than a year before Grace and I were. So it is in order to congratulate you, although by the time you get this letter it will be nearer Thanksgiving perhaps than Sept. 2.

We suspect that you and Alma have been planning for a very special sort of anniversary remembrance and we certainly wish every good wish for the Page family, particularly for that part of it in America. We had a short letter from Alma a few weeks ago, but she did not refer to this. I believe we have our idea about it from earlier letters. I wasn't around when Martha came, but I was only about three hours away instead of across the world. When you go home next there certainly will be a warm welcome for and from Kirby & Co. Alma certainly is a brave woman. It seems, however, that that is the story they are for making Texans, clear from Sam Houston to Kirby Page, Jr.

Baby Martha is doing well. The hot weather here prevents

growth, no one of the four, on the compound under one year of age, having gained lately. But all are healthy and adding in muscular activity what they need to add in ounces. As the weather gets cooler we hope that they will gain in muscle and in weight, too. I am enclosing photos which will give you some idea of the baby as she was a month or more ago. She is getting sweeter all along and by the time you stop in on your way back from China you can expect to see a most wonderful youngster.

My work this year is as follows.

Senior Chemistry ——— 8 hours per week.

Junior Chemistry ——— 3 hours per week.

Junior History ——— 4 hours per week.

Sophomore English ——— 6 hours per week.

Junior Physics ——— 4 hours per week.

Baseball ——— 2 hours per week.

Literary Society ——— Once in two weeks.

Sabbath School Class ——— Weekly.

English Teaching Service

in at Assint for the

missionaries and soldiers — About three or four times
a year.

We have chapel every day in the college, but I am excused from attending it, because I am using that time for teaching Algebra to one of the sons of Mr. Henry of the mission hospital. One can also attend a Saturday night and a Sunday afternoon service for the students, generally all in Arabic. I get to about 40% of these meetings. One can't tell what the speaker is talking about (even after being a year in the country) and we do not attend the meetings as we would if they were in English.

We have been here at Assiut a few days over three weeks. We have been keeping house for ourselves nearly three weeks of that time. We have an old Barber for cook who can understand and speak English in a way. He really does remarkably well at it, although I don't want to get him to make an address in English. He has been with some distinguished Englishmen in his time, but fortunately is not overly proud of himself. About all the cooks there ever were have their faults I guess, but Ali satisfies us in most ways so as long as he'll stay we'll keep him. He gets \$10.00 a month for doing all of our work. Housekeeping is much more homelike than boarding and thus far we are very glad we have attempted it, even if the expenses will be a little greater.

Time moves rapidly and soon we will be on our last year's work here. Last year two years seemed like a long time, but this year when it is a matter of one more year it will soon pass. We plan to return home at the end of the three years if it is possible to travel then. If not we will stay in Egypt. There are excellent facilities for Y. M. C. A. work we might be able to get into, or the college might want us here.

Two of the short-term teachers did Y. M. C. A. work during the summer and were so impressed with the work that they would like to continue in the work. Of course college duties prevent that just now. One was on the Palestine front near Gaza while the other was at Shania an interior camp of old importance because of the desert Senonesi.

Two other of the short-term teachers travelled in interior north-eastern Africa during the vacation. They went down into the Soudan and thence up into Abyssinia. They report having seen some things white men are never supposed to have seen, although they did not travel over any new territory.

Two other of our teachers whose terms expired last May left Egypt and had the pleasure of shipwreck off Bombay. One is now in

Ewing Christian College, Allahabad, India (Kenneth McAfee) and the other is at Bangkok Christian College, Bangkok, Siam (Paul H. Hinkhouse). It is possible you may meet them.

As the college is operated this year there are ten Americans here. I think this is the lowest number in years. We can't get other workers out from home. The work is continued, but is put into Arabic and so handled by native workers. Of these ten men, five are permanent workers and five are temporary.

This is really a wonderful plant and I wish you could get to visit it. If you get to Alexandria a Port Said at any time on a return trip from China by all means come to Assiut. If Mr. and Mrs. Eddy want a little rest and have never been here let them visit Egypt. It is a very quiet place now for there are no tourists, save British officers and nurses on leave.

The other day I got out our Kodak book and looked over the pictures. As I looked at that one taken in January 1914 of the Kansas City Delegation from Grade 2 I thought what a wonderful dispersal that group has already had in less than four years.

I sold my typewriter because I needed the money worse than I needed the machine. Hence my letters do not get written as they used to.

We are very much interested in your work and are anxious to hear from you on every possible opportunity. You may rest assured that Grace and I have you and Alma very much with us in our thoughts and prayers.

Sincerely yours,

Alma.

THE AMERICAN ARMY & NAVY Y.M.C.A. IN THE UNITED KINGDOM & FRANCE.

SECRETARY FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM
AND FRANCE:
E. C. CARTER.

SECRETARY FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM:
L. W. DUNN.

SECRETARY FOR FRANCE:
D. A. DAVIS.



LONDON OFFICE:
45, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1.
TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 3410.

PARIS OFFICE:
31, AVENUE MONTAIGNE,
PARIS.
TELEPHONE: PASSY 80-55.

Paris, August 1, 1917.

My dear Folks:

Just a short note at this time to let you know that I landed safely at Havre this morning, and reached Paris at noon. I saw Mr. Eddy just for a moment as we passed through Rouen. He and Mrs. Eddy are coming on to Paris tonight.

I have found a number of my old Y. M. C. A. friends here at headquarters. They are extremely rushed, and I have no doubt that I will be kept busy between Mr. Carter and Mr. Eddy. I am feeling tip-top and am ready for anything that comes. I shall write you a longer letter within a day or two, as soon as I find out something more definite.

With much love to all,

Ever yours,

Libby

The Chinese Students' Christian Association in North America

OFFICE: 124 EAST TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE BOARD

T. T. LEW, PRESIDENT
T. N. LEE, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
MISS Y. T. LAW, SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
M. J. BAU, TREASURER
S. K. LAU, MEMBER-AT-LARGE
S. J. CHUAN, GENERAL SECRETARY
T. T. LEE, ASSOCIATE SECRETARY

OFFICIAL ORGAN

"LIU MEI TSING NIEN"
J. F. LI, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DEPARTMENTAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES

Eastern: T. T. LEW, Chairman Columbia University	Western: S. K. LAU, Chairman Stanford University
M. J. BAU, Vice-Chairman Yale University	K. H. CHIU, Vice-Chairman University of California
W. J. WEN, Recording Secretary Yale University	T. L. LEE, Recording Secretary University of Washington
Middle West: T. N. LEE, Chairman University of Illinois	Women's: MISS Y. T. LAW, Chairman Teachers' College, Columbia University
I. N. WONG, Vice-Chairman Northwestern University	MISS F. Y. LIU, Vice-Chairman Teachers' College, Columbia University
H. D. YOUNG, Recording Secretary Cornell College	MISS MAYLING SOONG, Recording Sec'y Wellesley College

August 6th, 1917.

Dear Kirby:-

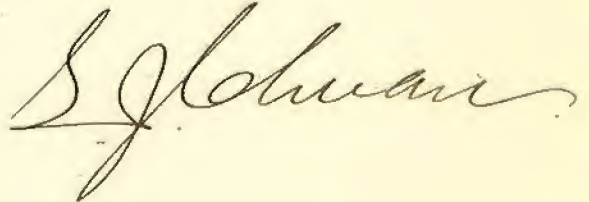
I have received all your circular letters with the deepest interest and heartiest thanks. They are indeed most interesting as well as inspiring. What wonderful times and opportunities you have been having! I wish I were over in England or France too.

I have just returned from my trip through the Far East which has been very profitable for me. I feel that I am better educated in connection with Oriental affairs. In a few days I hope to be able to send you a brief report of my trip which I hope will in part compensate your efforts in sending me the circular letters.

You can be assured of our daily prayers for you, your family and your work. Remember me to Max Chaplin and the Eddys when you see them.

Wishing you abundant blessings from Him on high,

Most cordially yours,



Mr. Kirby Page
C/o Brown, Shipley & Co.
123 Pall Mall
London, S.W., England

SJC-K

"Somewhere in France",

August 8, 1917.

My dear Friends:

We have just been crossing the battlefields of the Marne, on our way up to the camps where the American troops are stationed, just behind the lines. We have covered more than a hundred miles of territory that was formerly behind the German lines, and passed within fifteen miles of a famous cathedral of shell-fire fame, and within thirty miles of one of the best known forts in France, where the Germans lost a half million men in unsuccessful assaults. We have gone through towns and villages that were bombarded earlier in the war, and at one time we were within twelve miles of the present German lines, easily within range of their monster guns.

Upon alighting at our destination, we were readily distinguished by the Y. M. C. A. secretaries who were awaiting our arrival, by our American army uniforms, with the bronze initials, U. S. - Y. M. C. A., upon the collars. Here in this little French village a thousand "Sammies" are stationed, and the whole place is alive with the khaki uniform. Every available shed, stable or barn loft is filled with these wide awake, generous, warm-hearted, bronzed boys of Mexican border fame.

One could not but be impressed with the moral dangers confronting these men in this far away land. In the first place, the very nature of the life they are living and the work they are doing is not conducive to the highest morality. Several hours each day are spent in bayonet and target practice, the handling of grenades and the throwing of bombs, experimenting with poison gas and liquid fire - all of which have one object, namely proficiency in the art of destruction of the enemy. In addition to this, there is always a certain amount of drudgery and unpleasant work that must be done about the camp. Stables must be cleaned, streets swept, garbage cans removed, and various other sanitary measures taken. By the end of the strenuous day every man is dog-tired, and anxious for any kind of diversion or amusement.

What are the available means of recreation? The French village offers three choices: the wine and liquor house, the gambling resort, and the house of immorality. The soldier can take his choice of these. There are no

moving pictures, no theaters, no social gathering places of refinement. The problem is intensified by the fact that the enlisted man in the American army draws from \$35 to \$90 a month, while the private in the French army gets six cents a day, or \$1.80 a month, in addition to the small allowance that goes to his family. Does it take a vivid imagination to enable one to understand what will happen to these men during the long winter what is before them? Tired out with the routine and drudgery of the day, far away from all the steadying influences of home, with profanity, obscenity, drinking and immorality taken for granted, with plenty of money in their pockets, and with the subtle tempter or temptress ever present, is it any wonder that our boys are going down before this flood of temptation like chaff before the storm?

In the green pasture just outside the village, is the large tent and athletic field of the Y. M. C. A., with its red triangle, symbolizing the three fold work it is attempting to do among these soldiers. This is the only place in the village where the men can gather under refining influences and in a wholesome atmosphere. The Association is seeking to minister to the whole man - body, mind and spirit, and one of the strongest of the city Association secretaries of America is in charge. A pine board hut is being erected near the tent and will be ready for occupancy within a few days. In the tent, toward evening, scores of men can be seen writing letters upon the paper provided by the Association, others are reading the home papers or the books from the circulating library; groups of men are gathered about the folding billiard tables, while others are buying chocolate, cakes, etc., at the counter, and the ever-present phonograph is doing its bit. Outside a baseball game is in progress, and from the vociferous rooters along the third base line comes the familiar cry, "Atta Boy", which we have not heard for a good many days. Still others are kicking a Spalding football around the lot. Just outside the tent is an improvised boxing ring and a little black haired chap is pounding the stuffin' out of his larger opponent, much to the amusement of the hundred spectators. Other small groups are lying around on the grass, taking life easy, after the toil of the day.

At 6:30 the regimental band appears on the scene for an hour's concert outside the tent. Following this, an officer gets upon a table and announces that Dr. Eddy will speak upon his experiences among the soldiers of the various armies. For fifteen minutes he tells about some of his many interesting experiences and gets the attention of the men. Then he talks for thirty minutes upon the

moral problems of camp life and pleads for clean living, making a profound impression upon those present. After the meeting I had a most unusual talk with a chap from Des Moines. When he came to the meeting he was slightly under the influence of drink, but at the close he came up and asked me for a New Testament, saying that he was a Roman Catholic, but that he would like to have a Testament. This gave me an opportunity to talk with him, and we went off by ourselves and sat down on the grass. I found out that he had two brothers who had graduated from Drake and that we knew a lot of people in common. For thirty minutes we talked earnestly upon the things that really count, and found that we agreed upon more of the fundamental points than we realized. He said that he believed that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and his personal Saviour, that he realized the sinfulness of his own life and his need of divine help in the midst of the temptations of that village, that he wanted to give up his sins and that he would ask God to help him. There upon that grass he uttered what he told me was the first audible prayer of the thirty-four years of his life, as the tears streamed down his cheeks. I shall not soon forget that prayer.

How it does make one's heart ache to think, on the one hand, of the terrific moral temptations that are pouring in upon our men; and, on the other, of all that they shall undergo during these next months in the way of physical suffering, agony, and death, in the muddy trenches and water-soaked dugouts, in the face of poison gas, liquid fire, bayonet steel, machine gun bullets and bits of shrapnel.

Just before I left London the other day, while riding upon a bus, a chap in the Australian uniform sidled up to me and said: "Say partner, could you tell me where a fellow could get a little something to drink?" Upon my suggesting that he had better leave it alone, that it would surely get the better of him, he replied: "There you go, the same old story that my dad has been telling me all my life." And as he was in a talkative mood, he continued: "You see, my father is a Christian. He has made his pile and lives a secluded life. It's all right for him to be a Christian. But say, you ought to see the things that I see every day. Do you know what they are teaching us down in the camp where I am stationed? The best way to put a bayonet through a German! The Bible says to love your enemies, and my father can do that where he is, but down in the camp or out at the front it can't be done." The parson may be able to explain how you can love your enemy and at the same time run him through, but somehow this simple minded

Australian soldier was not able to understand it. One cannot but wonder how many others there are with a like difficulty.

The other night I happened to be in a railway station when an ambulance train pulled in. The long platform was entirely covered with rows of stretchers, and scores of Red Cross doctors, nurses and stretcher bearers were on hand. In the station a glee club of Welsh soldiers were singing for the wounded as they passed by, between the long rows of women and young girls, who were tossing flowers on the cots of the sufferers. It was a pathetic sight to see these brave fellows raise themselves up and with a smile wave there appreciation to the crowds. While we were at the station three separate drafts of men, with cheer and song, marched by to board the train bound for the front. No one knows how many of them will lie beneath the sod of the battlefield, or come back on stretchers, with legs or arms gone, with eyesight destroyed or lungs shattered by the poison gas. What a price we are paying in our efforts to achieve human freedom!

Mr. Eddy has started on another long tour through the British camps, and I am to spend the next seven weeks in work with the American troops in the various camps. It is a wonderful privilege indeed. At the end of September, we start for China, by way of the North Sea, Norway, Russia and the Trans-Siberian Railway, where Mr. Eddy begins his long campaign on October 27th. After September 1st all letters should be addressed to me c/o Y. M. C. A., 3 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai, China. I received good news from my wife and Kirby, Jr. They are with Alma's mother, at 617 Bethje St., Houston, Texas. John Roberts and Wm. Roosa are just starting for Y. M. C. A. work with the British troops in India and Mesopotamia, after some months with the soldiers in England, where they have been doing most excellent work.

If you knew how much I enjoy letters from home while I am away off here, you would certainly write to me often. I am definitely counting upon your continued and earnest prayer.

Ever sincerely yours,

(Signed) Kirby Page

"Somewhere in France", August 8, 1917.

My Dear Friends:

We have just been crossing the battlefields of the Marne, on our way up to the camps where the American troops are stationed, just behind the lines. We have covered more than a hundred miles of territory that was formerly behind the German lines, and passed within fifteen miles of a famous cathedral of shell-fire fame, and within thirty miles of one of the best known forts in France, where the Germans lost a half million men in unsuccessful assaults. We have gone through towns and villages that were bombarded earlier in the war, and at one time we were within twelve miles of the present German lines, easily within range of their monster guns.

Upon alighting at our destination, we were readily distinguished by the Y. M. C. A. secretaries who were awaiting our arrival, by our American army uniforms, with the bronze initials, U. S. - Y. M. C. A., upon the collars. Here in this little French village a thousand "Sammys" are stationed, and the whole place is alive with the khaki uniform. Every available shed, stable or barn loft is filled with these wide awake, generous, warm-hearted, bronzed boys of Mexican border fame.

One could not but be impressed with the moral dangers confronting these men in this far away land. In the first place, the very nature of the life they are living and the work they are doing is not conducive to the highest morality. Several hours each day are spent in bayonet and target practice, the handling of grenades and the throwing of bombs, experimenting with poison gas and liquid fire - all of which have an object, namely proficiency in the art of destruction of the enemy. In addition to this, there is always a certain amount of drudgery and unpleasant work that must be done about the camp. Stables must be cleaned, streets swept, garbage cans removed, and various other sanitary measures taken. By the end of the strenuous day every man is dog-tired, and anxious for any kind of diversion or amusement.

What are the available means of recreation? The French village offers three choices: the wine and liquor house, the gambling resort, and the house of immorality. The soldier can take his choice of these. There are no moving pictures, no theaters, no social gathering places of refinement. The problem is intensified by the fact that the enlisted man in the American army draws from \$35 to \$90 a month, while the private in the French army gets six cents a day, or \$1.80 a month, in addition to the small allowance that goes to his family. Does it take a vivid imagination to enable one to understand what will happen to these men during the long winter that is before them? Tired out with the routine and drudgery of the day, far away from all the steady-ing influences of home, with profanity, obscenity, drinking and immorality taken for granted, with plenty of money in their pockets, and with the subtle tempter or temptress ever present, is it any wonder that our boys are going down before this flood of temptation like chaff before the storm?

In the green pasture just outside the village, is the large tent and athletic field of the Y. M. C. A., with its red triangle, symbolizing the three fold work it is attempting to do among these soldiers. This is the only place in the village where the men can gather under refining influences and in a wholesome atmosphere. The Association is seeking to minister to the whole man - body, mind and spirit, and one of the strongest of the city Association secretaries of America is in charge. A pine board hut is being erected near the tent and will be ready for occupancy within a few days. In the tent, toward evening, scores of men can be seen writing letters upon the paper provided by the Association, others are reading the home papers or the books from the circulating library; groups of men are gathered about the folding billiard tables, while others are buying chocolate, cakes, etc., at the counter, and the ever-present phonograph is doing its bit. Outside a baseball game is in progress, and from the vociferous rooters along the third base line comes the familiar cry, "Atta Boy", which we have not heard for a good many days. Still others are kicking a Spalding football around the lot. Just outside the tent is an improvised boxing ring and a little black haired chap is pounding the stuffin' out of his larger opponent, much to the amusement of the hundred spectators. Other small groups are lying around on the grass, taking life easy, after the toil of the day.

At 6:30 the regimental band appears on the scene for an hour's concert outside the tent. Following this, an officer gets up on a table and announces that Dr. Eddy will speak upon his experiences among the soldiers of the various armies. For fifteen minutes he tells about some of his many interesting experiences and gets the attention of the men. Then he talks for thirty minutes upon the moral problems of camp life and pleads for clean living, making a profound impression upon those present. After the meeting I had a most unusual talk with a chap from Des Moines. When he came to the meeting he was slightly under the influence of drink, but at the close he came up and asked me for a New Testament, saying that he was a Roman Catholic, but that he would like to have a Testament. This gave me an opportunity to talk with him, and we went off by ourselves and sat down on the grass. I found out that he had two brothers who had graduated from Drake and that we knew a lot of people in common. For thirty minutes we talked earnestly upon the things that really count, and found that we agreed upon more of the fundamental points than we realized. He said that he believed that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and his personal Saviour, that he realized the sinfulness of his own life and his need of divine help in the midst of the temptations of that village, that he wanted to give up his sins and that he would ask God to help him. There upon that grass he uttered what he told me was the first audible prayer of the thirty-four years of his life, as the tears streamed down his cheeks. I shall not soon forget that prayer.

How it does make one's heart ache to think, on the one hand, of the terrific moral temptations that are pouring in upon our men; and, on the other, of all that they shall undergo during these next months in the way of physical suffering, agony, and death, in the muddy trenches and water-soaked dugouts, in the face of poison gas, liquid fire, bayonet steel, machine gun bullets and bit of shrapnel.

Just before I left London the other day, while riding upon a bus, a chap in the Australian uniform sidled up to me and said: "Say partner, could you tell me where a fellow could get a little something to drink?" Upon my suggesting that he had better leave it alone, that it would surely get the better of him, he replied: "There you go, the same old story that my dad has been telling me all my life." And as he was in a talkative mood, he continued: "You see, my father is a Christian. He has made his pile and lives a secluded life. It's all right for him to be a Christian. But say, you ought to see the things that I see every day. Do you know what they are teaching us down in the camp where I am stationed? The best way to put a bayonet through a German! The Bible says to love your enemies, and my father can do that where he is, but down in the camp or out at the front it can't be done." The person may be able to explain how you can love your enemy and at the same time run him through, but somehow this simple minded Australian soldier was not able to understand it. One cannot but wonder how many others there are with a like difficulty.

The other night I happened to be in a railway station when an ambulance train pulled in. The long platform was entirely covered with rows of stretchers, and scores of Red Cross doctors, nurses and stretcher bearers were on hand. In the station a glee club of Welsh soldiers were singing for the wounded as they passed by, between the long rows of women and young girls, who were tossing flowers on the cots of the sufferers. It was a pathetic sight to see these brave fellows raise themselves up and with a smile wave their appreciation to the crowds. While we were at the station three separate drafts of men, with cheer and song, marched by to board the train bound for the front. No one knows how many of them will lie beneath the sod of the battlefield, or come back on stretchers, with legs or arms gone, with eyesight destroyed or lungs shattered by the poison gas. What a price we are paying in our efforts to achieve human freedom!

Mr. Eddy has started on another long tour through the British camps, and I am to spend the next seven weeks in work with the American troops in the various camps. It is a wonderful privilege indeed. At the end of September, we start for China, by way of the North Sea, Norway, Russia and the Trans-Siberian Railway, where Mr. Eddy begins his long campaign on October 27th. After September 1st all letters should be addressed to me c/o Y. M. C. A., 3 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai, China. I receive good news from my wife and Kirby, Jr. They are with Alma's mother, at 617 Bethje St., Houston, Texas. John Roberts and Wm. Roosa are just starting for Y. M. C. A. work with the British troops in India and Mesopotamia, after some months with the soldiers in England, where they have been doing most excellent work.

If you knew how much I enjoy letters from home while I am away off here, you would certainly write to me often. I am definitely counting upon your continued and earnest prayer.

Ever sincerely yours,

Kirby Page

124 EAST 28TH STREET
NEW YORK

Paris

Aug. 8, 1917.

Alma Darling:

Abraham Lincoln has nothing on me! He may have studied by firelight, but here in the year 1917, I am writing this letter by the feeble glow of a tallow candle! In order to save electricity, all lights are put out at 10:30 or 11:00 at night. If you want "to toil upward in the night" you must adopt primitive methods.

The longer I stay here the more I wonder how these people have been able to hold on this long. The people in America have no notion as to what this war has cost them. You see new signs of the price they have paid every day you are here.

I received two letters from you today upon my return to Paris from Gondrecourt. How I did devour them! I had a good laugh over the "hot" expression of the boy. He is a little dear.

I was just on the point of boasting about how much older I am than you when your letter came, and so I will not even mention the fact - although it is true!

My thoughts are with you more than ever these days. By the time you receive this we will have been married three years - happy & glorious years, for which I constantly

thank God. and within a few
days now a new token of His
love will bless our home. I
can hardly wait for the day!
Be sure to cable me immediately,
c/o "Recreation", Paris). Remember I
want both a boy and a girl,
or a girl and a boy. See!

I love you, oh so much!

yours forever

Kirby

124 EAST 28TH STREET
NEW YORK

Paris, Aug. 9, 1917.

My own darling wife:

Upon the day you open this, I will be thinking of you and the three happy years since I kissed you in the middle of the ceremony - I mean since I kissed you on the lips during the ceremony. See!

It hardly seems possible that so much joy, gladness, happiness & blessing could be crowded into so few years. Nothing save the presence of the living God can account for it all. And the beautiful thing about it is that our love is deepening with the passing months.

and our joy is ever increasing. Just to think that Kirby is 20 months old. It seems like a dream to me. I suppose he has forgotten his daddy by this time, but his daddy has not lost him from his heart. Now I do miss both of you!

I only wish that I were present to give you the real kind of anniversary present. Just close your eyes, in the midst of this letter, and imagine how many kisses and hugs you would get if I were anywhere near. Is it difficult to visualize this?

You may rest assured that when I do appear on the scenes ~~that~~ business will pick up. Just think, I will have three to kiss then - not to mention mother and Miss Louise. I certainly will have a plentiful supply saved up by that time.

After this trip I hope it will not be necessary for us ever to be separated again for such a long time. I think we will have had our share of separation

by the time I return. What a
happy time we will have in
working out some of our plans
together. I look forward to all
this with much eagerness.

With the deepest and most
enduring affection,

Ever devotedly your

Kirby



DRAKE UNIVERSITY

DES MOINES

HERBERT MARTIN
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

August
Eleventh
1917

Dear Friend Kirby

The number of letters I have written you must not be taken as an index either of my interest in you or of my appreciation of these good letters that I am receiving from you. What a wonderful experience you are having and what opportunities for helpful service! Only last week I had a fine letter from John Roberts. He spoke of Rooma too. Those letters from you men makes this war more of a reality and lends a vividness that otherwise would not be ours.... Last week too I had a letter from Paul Gardner announcing the fact that he had joined the aviation dep't of the U.S. Service. Several of our Drake boys are in the army and other dep'ts..... I am spending a quiet summer here at Mrs. M's home in New Holland, Ohio. Two weeks from next Monday, the 27th. we leave for Des Moines. We came by auto and will return that way. Leisure travel requires about five or six days. Our days in the main have been very pleasant. Two weeks ago I went up to Chicago for a few days. I met many Drakes there, some of course only for the summer session. There are in all 30 of our Drakes enrolled. Among others I saw the Ritchies, the Swansons, the Stubbs's, Miss Stockham, Tyler Warren, et al.. They are all doing good work. I had letters from Willett and others during the year telling me of the good work and name they are doing and making there for us all. My! How widely and in so short a time have we all become scattered. This week a letter from Alice Ware announced her going to the Pacific coast preparatory to sailing in a few weeks for China. Room #25 Library Bld'g, Drake Univ. is finding its Assistants as follows: Hawley preaching in Pennsylvania, Paige in Europe, Ware in China, Gardner soon I expect to France, while the old Prof. may still be found at his desk. "Men may come, and men may go etc"..... I shall not enter into any account of the conditions at Drake save to say that I do not detect any radical improvement. There is much of the sweet and enough of the other to give zest to life and cause a hopeless idealist to see that his visions do not obtain in toto in practical life. What a misfortune it would be to you and me and a great many others were it otherwise as we would all be out of a job or at least have no prob - to prove our effort. My work is increasingly interesting. My problems and my friends are increasing pari passu. A very genuine satisfaction is experienced in finding one's student friends getting out into the world and beginning to do things. That is what you would expect from a man whose philosophy is that reality consists in an achieving life.

I expect though that by this time any such abstraction sounds very hollow to you. And yet I take all that back for in such terms do I interpret your enterprise. My own class work I find assuming this practical form. A course in general ethics last year gave opportunity for such interpretation. I believe that Ethics in terms of human conduct, of social obligation will characterize both our educational and religious instruction, yes and will occupy a larger place in the body and content of doctrine. To at these interests in the abstract, apart from the grim realities of life as it is lived in groanings and blood, would be to take part in a farce and a sham. No gospel short of elemental religion and fundamental living will be at all adequate from this hour. What a privilege it is to live now and will be so long as we both shall live! Instead of the copyist or imitator must come the creator. Creative living will be the demand of tomorrow. It has always been so but only now are our eyes being opened to a revision of the facts. How empty and doctrinaire will many of our doctrines sound tomorrow. Are they not so sounding already? A sure enough transvaluation of values is being made with the result not in terms of the Nietzschean will either. The superiority of the Superman of tomorrow will be in terms of the worth of his service to his fellows..... But I must not continue in this, perhaps, shop line of goods. The thrill of the world's need and the consequent challenge makes it difficult for me to let it drop..... As the owner of this machine is graciously waiting for an opportunity to use it I had better hastily desist..... I am greatly interested in your work and rejoice in the measure of success that is yours. How exceedingly valuable will be your war experiences when the happier days of an assured peace and lasting is man's possession. Your interests are mine, your successes, joys and sorrows too. I frequently feel that I should be doing something more immediate myself. I have discovered that I am too old for a Chaplaincy and I know that I have passed beyond the time of my fullest physical perfection. So perhaps I had better be content to seek to stimulate minds and instil ideas and ideals of peace and international brotherhood..... Sometimes I feel like writing a letter of appreciation and condolence to Mrs. Page in her widowhood and perhaps after I get back to Des Moines and get things arranged I may do so. I trust that they both are well..... Mrs. M. has not been very well for the last year or so but I think is doing very well now. She had nervous prostration and that is not soon outgrown..... I have remembered you and shall remember you before God in prayer.

Affectionately yours

Herbert J. Martin

31, Avenue Montaigne, Paris,
Cable Address, "Recreation",
August 9, 1917.

My dear Brother Lockhart:

After a conference with Mr. Eddy, I find that he does not feel that he is in a position from this end of the line to make arrangement to bring any more evangelists over. He is writing to Dr. John R. Mott, 124 East 28th St., New York City, that a half dozen really first-class evangelists could be used to good advantage with the British troops in England, Egypt and Mesopotamia. There is also a possibly of work with the British and American troops in France.

My suggestion is that you communicate immediately with Dr. Mott in New York, giving him your pedigree, telling him of Mr. Eddy's offer of last summer, and quoting from Mr. Eddy's letter to you, if you think desirable. Put the proposition up to him good and hot, stating your minimum financial requirements. I believe you would never regret any considerable sacrifice you make in order to get in touch with the boundless opportunity over here. I would also have a couple of your good friends write to Dr. Mott at once, without any delay whatever. Time is valuable just now. I am writing to Dr. Mott by this mail myself. I shall pray that you may be guided into finding God's will for you in this matter.

I hope my report letters have been getting through to you. I cannot begin to tell you of all that these months are meaning to my own spiritual life. I believe the Lord is giving me a message for the people of America. I know you will not fail me in prayer. I hope you will especially remember Alma during these days of her deep need.

With every good wish for you and your family, and kindest regards to all friends,

Very sincerely yours,

Rev. Wm. S. Lockhart,
South End Christian Church,
Houston, Texas, U. S. A.

K. P.

31, Avenue Montaigne, Paris, August 10, 1917.

My dear Barber:

Within a few days I think Dr. Mott will be receiving a letter from my old friend Rev. Wm. S. Lockhart, of Houston, Texas, offering his services for evangelistic work in the war zone. As Mr. Eddy has just written to Dr. Mott that six high grade evangelists could be used to good advantage with the British troops in England, Egypt and Mesopotamia, and with the American troops in France, I write this letter to tell you a little something about Dr. Lockhart and his work.

He is a highly trained university and seminary graduate, and a specialist in industrial reform and in the social service movement. Concerning his Social Survey of the City of Houston, Mr. Charles Stelzle said that it was the best survey he had found. Dr. Lockhart inaugurated the Municipal Entertainment Campaign in Houston, concerning which the Honorable Champ Clark wrote: "I hope it is a prophecy of what every city will do for its people"; and it was this campaign of which Jacob Riis was thinking when he wrote: "You have done at one jump what we, with all our wealth and influence, have been trying to do for years. How did you do it? It will be on the greatest means of education along the higher lines; that is, all things pertaining to the social body of the city." He has had much experience in addressing all kinds and classes of organizations, labor union, shop meetings, out of door meetings, etc. Without doubt, he is the most popular minister in the opinion of the laboring classes of his state.

He is an eloquent and fervent evangelist, and I have no hesitation whatever in saying that I regard him as the equal of any of the evangelists that Mr. Eddy brought over for work in England and France. I say this after years of close touch with Dr. Lockhart's work and after being in scores of the camps with the evangelists over here. He has traveled abroad, and I believe he would easily adapt himself to conditions in the war zone.

Dr. Lockhart tells me that he stands ready to give at least one year to this evangelistic work, and perhaps for the duration of the war. General Hulén has offered him a commission as chaplain, but he tells me that he would prefer to serve under the auspices of the Association, if there is any demand for his services.

Concerning the character and work of Dr. Lockhart, you might write to Mr. Charles Stelzle, to President Hill M. Bell, of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa; or to Professor H. L. Willett, of the University of Chicago. His address is c/o The South End Christian Church, Houston, Texas.

I often think of you men there ~~at~~ headquarters, with all the additional burdens that are pressing in upon you these days. Now that Dr. Mott is back, I suppose it will be necessary for you to put on still more pressure for a time. We are having really wonderful times over here. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy are to be with the British troops during the remaining weeks in France, while I expect to be working with the American troops up behind the lines. It is a wonderful privilege and opportunity to be over here just now.

With every good wish,

Ever sincerely yours,

K. P.

B. R. Barber, Esq.,
124 East 28th St.,
New York City, U. S. A.

Englewood Christian Church
CHAS. G. KINDRED, MINISTER
STEWART AVE. AND SIXTY-SIXTH PLACE

Chicago, 7/13/17 191

Mr. Kirby Page,
London, England.

Dear Old Kirby: I nearly grow jealous of you when I think how young and fine you are, and the unequalled privileges for service and growth that are showered down upon you. But I know that your enrichment will be for increase of His glory and so rejoice. There are dangers that accompany such privileges, but I have long since learned that we do not get real close up to Him until the need grows to be superhuman. Dear old Paul might have been the first, but he sure was not the last to learn that strength that achieves comes only to the defenseless and the weak.

I have enjoyed everyone of your letters, and often thought to answer, but wondered what one could coin out of this prosaic life we here are leading that would be of interest, let alone profit to one so circumstanced. But you must have this one anyway, and if I hear any more out of you, I will do it again. I am bound, now that I have begun, to have the last word.

The pall of the war is over our services and socials here. Some of our boys have gone, and others are in camps training for officers. It will not be long until the news from the front will be freighted with personal heart ache and loss for us. We older men (the "has beeners") of the Congregation are drilling once a week, and often more, to be ready for any part we might be needed for. It does not mean that we are warriors, but only getting into condition to be of more and quicker service if there should arise a great need. We have lots of fun at our awkwardness--but that is growing less, and we are able to do quite well. Preacher-like, I am an expert on "firing and falling back."

I read of some of our fellows going out ~~as~~ for a turn in the Trenches and Y.M.C.A. Huts, and knew you had been using your influence. If I had the education and had been accustomed to being in real public work, I would have been sorely tempted to try for a place among them. But if I ever cross the ocean for the war, I will go under a gun in the ranks. And if that happens I want you assigned to my camp. That's what I think of you.

The work here moves on the ever so slowly. It seems like every one is quick to lose their temper. I never have experienced so much "hair-trigger" disposition than has developed in these times. Thro' it all The Good Father has led on--sore tried and discouraged at times, but still forward. We put on the pull for tithers the first of the year, and at the end of the first six months, we had run over a \$1000 per month. This is far and beyond anything of our past. One of our girls--Viola Howell--went to Africa with the Inland Mission folks, and we outfitted her, paid her expenses out, and cabled her \$100 when she arrived there broke. And are just now completing the first year of her support. Esther Martin, another one of the Englewood girls, has just graduated from the College of Missions, married R.A. MacLeod, and is under appointment for Tibet. We have asked the F.C.M.S. for her as a "Living Link" but received no answer, as yet. This sounds fine, but I feel depressed for the lack of conversions. The audiences keep up, and I believe I am preaching better than ever before, but it seems to lack "grip". If I understand myself, I believe I would die for Him. And now you can understand my envy of you. For you are where one's soul comes out from all self-deception and blindness. Just to be face to face with myself for awhile, that I might know, to the intent that my message would compel surrender. This is my hunger.

The Morgan Parkers are re-modeling the old M.E. building, and are going to have a cosy, modest, home-like building. It will be ready for you when you are invalided, or for any reason come back to us. It is fine to leave such an impression as you made there. I am glad of the day you came into my study and down into my heart--and that's an almost impossible place to get out of.

With my love and always my prayers,

C. G. Kindred

31, Avenue Montaigne, Paris, August 14, 1917.

My dear Mr. Burri:

At the suggestion of Dr. Mott, in a letter written on June 7th and which has just reached me, I am cabling you today, requesting that you may reservations for myself, wife, Kirby Page, and Samuel Shoemaker, on the Trans-Siberian train leaving Petrograd on October 9th for Tientsin, first class accommodations. I am also requesting the American Embassy in London to cable the American Embassy in Petrograd to communicate with you and make all necessary arrangements so that there will be no delay enroute. I am due in Tientsin on the 27th of October and am detained here by the military regulations until the end of September, so will have barely time to make connections. Anything that you can do in this connection will be most deeply appreciated.

I shall hope to see you when we pass through Petrograd.
Thanking you for your kind cooperation,

Very sincerely yours,

Burri, Esq.,

Mochovaya 9,

Petrograd, Russia.

ES

BURRI

MOLODOLUDI

PETROGRAD

RESERVE FIRST CLASS PETROGRAD TIENTSIN OCTOBER NINTH MYSELF WIFE
PAGE AND SHOEMAKER

SHERWOOD EDDY

(American Y. M. C. A., 31 Avenue Montaigne)

31, Avenue Montaigne, Paris,
August 14, 1917.

Dear Sirs:

At the suggestion of Dr. John R. Mott, I am writing to ask your help in an important matter. I am scheduled to begin a long series of meetings in China during the latter part of October, and am detained here by the military regulations until the end of September, which barely leaves time for me to make the journey via Bergen, Petrograd and the Trans-Siberian Railway, and not enough time to go by way of America and the Pacific.

Could I trouble you to cable to the American Embassy in Petrograd, asking them if they will kindly communicate with our Mr. Burri, at Mochovaya 9, and make whatever arrangements are necessary so that there may be no delay enroute. With me will be my wife, Mr. Kirby Page and Mr. Samuel Shoemaker. We desire to leave Petrograd on the Trans-Siberian Railway on Tuesday, October 9th. All of us hold American Passports, permitting us to travel in Norway, Sweden, Russia and China.

Any assistance that you are able to render in this matter be most deeply appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

The American Embassy,
Crosvenor Gardens,
London, England.

552

124 EAST 28TH STREET
NEW YORK

Paris, Aug. 15, 1917

my dearest Mother:

Can you realize that shortly after
you receive this you will have
another grandchild? I can't, it all
seems more like a dream to
me - almost too good to be true!
When I think of all that Kirby, Jr.
means to us, I wonder if it is
possible for us to be any happier.
I can only imagine what life
will be like with two babies to
love and make a fuss over!
How wonderfully good God is to us!

I have absolutely no fear as to the outcome. I am sure that it is His Will that I should be over here, doing what little I can - and so nothing else counts. I do hate oh so much to be away at this time when Alma needs me so much, and nothing could keep me away, save the consciousness that this is where I should be. Alma has supreme faith and His strength will sustain her during this time of need.

after I return from China, I do not expect to be away from home for such long periods of time again. I think I have already written that I feel the leading of God to enter upon evangelistic work in the United States, rather than to carry out our plan of working in China. I feel sure that God is giving me a training and a message for the people of America. So pray that I may be worthy to be used in His service.

You are constantly in my
thoughts and prayers, and I
am eagerly looking forward
to the time when we can be
together again, with the babies!
How we have a happy time!
Give my love to Perry &
Mrs. Murry and keep lots for
yourself.

Yours boy
Kirby

INTERDENOMINATIONAL

DISPENSATIONAL

PREMILLENNIAL

BIBLE TEACHERS

"ALL SCRIPTURE IS GIVEN BY INSPIRATION OF GOD AND IS PROFITABLE"

HOUSTON, TEXAS, 8-16-17.

Dearest Mother:-

Your letter just received and so glad to hear from you again. We are all in fine shape and the boy is as rollicky as ever after his little spell, which did not last but a day or two. Alma is right happy too and having as good a time as possible.

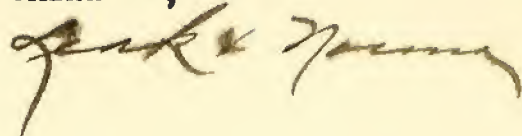
I baptized 5 last Saturday afternoon; a husband and wife and son, and a young man, and a boy. It is such a pleasure and so thrilling to help them obey the Lord. We had some big day last Sunday again. Went by Park Place for Mrs. Allen and then went to Friendswood for afternoon class. Had a blow-out on the way down and that made us late getting there, consequently late starting home. Then we had to run slow on account of the bad tire and that took us half an hour longer than usual. On the way home we stopped and bought a bushel of pairs for 50 cents, picked them from trees, this took at least 30 minutes. Then when we was about to Eastwood on McKinney Avenue, we ran out of gasoline. It was the first Sunday under the new closing law and no one could sell gasoline so we phoned a friend that lived nearby to come and tow us in. He was in the bath-tub but dressed as quick as he could. They did not have any rope and his wife went to 6 houses before finding a rope to tow us with. They finally arrived but without their supper on account of the rush. We reached home all dirty and tired at five minutes after eight and we were supposed to begin at the Y.M.C.A. at eight o'clock. To cap the climax the man that towed us in was out of lubricating oil and could not buy any as it was Sunday. I filled his car up from a tank I have in the garage and they took Norma on to the Y.M.C.A. to tell the crowd I would be there later. I cleaned up a little and reached there at 8:30. We had our lesson and the Lord's Supper and a fine time: in spite of the fact that we had no dinner nor supper that day. We ate a late breakfast, about 8:45 o'clock, and made freezer of ice cream and had a saucer for dinner. Thought we would make up on a big supper. What did we do when we got home from class at 10 o'clock but take the couple with us who had so kindly towed us in and fix a big meal. We had killed a rabbit in morning so we fried that, had peas, potatoes, and a lot of stuff and wound up with our ice cream at 11 o'clock that night. Then we had some music and they talked until almost 12 o'clock, before going home. It seemed like we were tried a great deal that

"TO SERVE THE LIVING AND TRUE GOD AND WAIT FOR HIS SON FROM HEAVEN"

day but we all took it laughingly and the devil did not get any victory out of it all. The Lord is with us and always sees us through some way. We did not any of us suffer and are still going it lickety-split every day and night. We switched the Park Place Bible class from Monday to Wednesday night and opened up the night class in Montrose Monday night with 28 present. That was a fine start and the class will grow some more too. So we have a class each night in the week now except Saturday and three classes in the day, besides the baptisms and extra meetings. I almost forgot to tell you that a Quaker man from Friendswood, who has been asking questions about immersion, told me last Sunday afternoon that he was ready to be baptised. So we will go early next Sunday afternoon and baptise him in Clear Creek, which is right at Friendswood, if the Lord wills. I think his wife will be baptised too. Praise the Lord for it. No one thought a Quaker would ever accept immersion. The Lord still works miracles. We are the happiest and the busiest couple you ever saw and so trustful in the Lord at all times.

I am busy as a bee so must quit here. More later. I will try and tell you soon about a Jewish Mission that we think will soon be opened up here, we will work with others in this respect. We love you and wish you well. Remember that you promised to visit us this summer and we are ready for you now; so pick up and come on for a good rest, a needed change and a long old talk with your dear children, Leak and Norma and Alma and Kirby, Jr. That will be some re-union, won't it. Let us know when you will come and we will meet you and see that you have a good time and lots of rides in that new car of Norma's.. Pray for us. May God bless you and keep you till Jesus comes, which we believe will not be long now.

Lovingly,
Your children,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jack & Norma".

BOYD & MCKINLEY
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
KEOKUK, IOWA

TRUST COMPANY BUILDING
611 BLONDEAU STREET

August 17, 1917.

Mr. Kirby Page,
c/o Brown, Shipley & Co.,
125 Pall Mall,
London, S. W.

Dear Kirby:

I have been deeply interested in the letters which I have received from you since you took boat for the war zone. I have been very solicitous for your success and the success of the great work in which you are engaged. I have been very keenly interested in the Y. M. C. A. war work for the last year and a half during which time I have come to know more of the wonderful work the Y. M. C. A. Secretaries are accomplishing. I am sure that you are being personally much blessed in your association with Mr. Eddy and assisting him in the direction of the evangelistic work at which he is a master. It is encouraging indeed to know the way in which your messages are being received in the army camps. But knowing you as I do, I am not surprised that your work with men is resulting so successfully. You may know Kirby that you have the sincerest good wishes and the prayers of your friends in America behind you and may your further work continue to be blessed as it has in weeks passed.

We in America are at last becoming genuinely aroused as to what this war means to us and the rest of mankind. I think that there is no doubt about Uncle Sam doing his part from now on. In my opinion, our armies are going to shape up into real fighting men very rapidly in the next few months and we ought to be doing big things on the fighting lines by next spring. On the 27th instant, I am to report at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, for Second Officer's Training Camp and I am getting very anxious to be at work getting really prepared to do my bit. There is three months of mighty hard work ahead of me, but I am going to do my very best to be de-

KP---#2

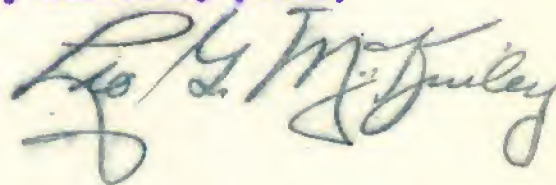
8-17-17.

serving of a commission at the end of that time. Kirkpatrick and Russ Jordan are also to be in camp so Kappa Lambda will be represented. There are also a large number of other Drake men. The draft is also proceeding rapidly and the first call will be given within the next few days.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

LGM:HMA

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "L. G. M. H. M. A.", written in dark ink.

617 Bethje Street.
Houston, Texas.
August 22, 1917.

Sweetheart:

I suppose this will be about the last letter I shall send to Paris, as according to my calculations it will not reach you much more than the 15th. The next one I shall send to London and later send a copy of it to Shanghai. I suppose there will be about a month after you leave London that I shall not get anything from you with any degree of regularity. Please be careful after you leave London and before reaching China to send your confirmation copy long enough after your original so that the two will not go on the same boat.

We are coming along very nicely with our new street car line and will be able to jump on the car right in front of the door before many weeks are gone. Mother says she won't mind going to town when it is so close and she doesn't have to walk so far in the sun. It will also amuse the boy a great deal to watch them, as he likes anything with a ding-ding attached. He is certainly a case in his dealings with the folks. Sometimes he will love them half to death and again he will take cover around me and say nothing but mama-mama. He climbs up and down stairs as nicely as you please, and I am not afraid for him as he is always extremely careful, as there is no saying more true with him than that "a burnt child fears the fire." He is rather bold in most things and is not easily frightened, yet he seldom ventures too far. I am also glad to say that he shows signs of being very generous. Of course, he still has temper enough, but I am sure that by the right treatment he will some day be able to master it. He is too young to do very much yet.

Am anxious to know what you are doing in Paris, whether you will continue your speaking or not. You spoke in one of your letters as if there were some doubt about it. In any event it will be a great experience for you. I only hope you will come in contact with some of the American boys. Sheldon Medbury is in training at San Antonio in the aviation corps.

I am not fit for very much these days, except to eat what I can. The weather is extremely warm and dry, but we can at least have the satisfaction of perspiring here, and the warmth doesn't hurt as it did in Oklahoma. Mother thinks the little girl will get here before the 15th. I am not worried. the sooner the quicker, only I would prefer September.

Oh yes, had a letter from Helen yesterday. Her brother is in training for hospital work in Davenport, and will soon go to New Mexico.

I think of you and pray for you. Many of your friends are doing the same, but they cannot do so as much as I do. May God in his mercy watch over you and keep you.

Ever affectionately yours,



On Active Service

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

"At an American Army Camp", August 22, 1917.

My dearest Folks:

This letter is being written with the typewriter propped up on a chair out on the green grass beside an unfinished Y. M. C. A. at one of the American camps nearest the present German lines, where such heavy fighting has been going on for the past few days. About thirty yards in front of me is a most beautiful little falls in the stream; to my left are the rolling hills and the golden grain, where even at the moment the old French peasant is wielding his old fashioned scythe; to my right rises the spire of the village church, and in the churchyard the military band is playing, with the soldiers lounging around after their hard day's drill; while at the rear is as glorious a sunset as one could wish to see. It is just such a scene as the artist likes to paint, and helps to draw one nearer to the great heart of God.

In the stillness of the night we can hear the intermittent boom of the great guns in the big push that is now going on. Indeed, we are actually within range of the heaviest of the German guns; although, of course, there is no likelihood of their wasting ammunition with random and aimless firing. A day or two ago a battle in the air between twenty or thirty German and French aeroplanes was distinctly visible from the place where I am now sitting. Several times a night I am awakened by the sharp challenge of the sentry, Halt!, as some straggler or perhaps an American or French soldier on night duty passes on the military road. At 2 o'clock this morning I was awakened by machine gun fire, from squads of our boys out on night manouvers. The long strings of military trucks and Red Cross ambulances on their way to and from the front help one to realize that war is actually being waged, almost before our very eyes.

For some days I have been helping out at one of the American Y. M. C. A. huts just a few miles from here. Early and late I have been selling chocolate, cakes, tobacco, ginger ale, tooth paste, razor blades, etc., or handing out writing paper, magazines, books or games to the endless stream of men who frequent the building when off duty. On Sunday I had the opportunity of speaking to them twice, and after the evening meeting more than 40 of them were enrolled in a Bible class, which is to meet three times a week - these miscellaneous characters were made by an old French gentleman who just strolled up and wanted to see what I was doing; he couldn't speak English nor could I understand him, yet I made out that he wanted to try the machine - hence this interpolation) - as I was saying, this class is to meet three times a week. Last night I lead in the first session. We took our chairs out under the trees on the green grass, and for



On Active Service

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

-2-

forty-minutes we talked about "the Joy of Jesus". It was great to see the way in which they responded. I am hoping that great things will come out of this class.

Today I was moved down to take charge of this hut which is to be opened tomorrow night. All day tomorrow we shall be busy putting on the finishing touches, getting ready for the grand rush in the evening. After this I will have no time to sit out on the grass in the dusk and meditate upon the beauties of nature. Such things as "Gimm'e a pack o' Three Castles", or "Two of them franc Toblers", or "How do you get the top off this soda pop?", or "When are you goin' to get some Bull Durham?", or "Is it a fact that three cargoes of the Y. M. C. A. stuff has been sunk by the subs?", or "Why don't you get some ice cream?", or "Wee, wee", will be more pressing and to the point. I shall be holding forth in this hut alone and have no doubt that I will manage to find something to do to keep me from getting the gout. It is a great old life, and I wouldn't miss being here for a great deal. These fellows are the most generous and open-minded chaps that I have run across, and it is a privilege to be able to come into such close touch with them. I hope to get in some good licks for the Master while here. They boys are most eager indeed to talk with you, not only about baseball and hero stories, but also about the deeper problems of their lives. How my heart does go out to them.

I suppose I shall remain on here until time for Mr. Eddy to start for China, although I am not sure about this. I know of no place I would rather be over here than with our own troops. It is a fine climax to the experience of these months to be able to have some part, even though it be ever so small, in the work that is being done for our boys in this distant land. My thoughts and prayers are constantly with you these days, and I have absolute faith that the good Father will protect and guide us all, even though thousands of miles are between us.

Good-night and God bless you, dearies,

Ever lovingly yours,

Kirby